

GIANT OF THE OCEAN.

OCEANIC WILL BE LONGEST VESSEL EVER BUILT.

Will Have Three Screws—Placed on Dry Land the Ship Would Tower Above a Six-Story Building—Longer Than Great Eastern.



A LARGE force of workmen is to-day busily engaged on what will be the biggest and longest vessel that has ever been constructed. Her launching will take place next January. A year from this time she will be voyaging between New York and Liverpool. Contrary to custom, her name has been selected in advance, and this queen of the ocean will bear on her stern the letters that form the word "Oceanic." She will be 705 feet long, 25 feet in excess of the length of the Great Eastern. Her depth will be little more than 50 feet, her mean draught being 25 feet, and her beam a trifle less than 83 feet. In this latter respect only is she the inferior of the Great Eastern. While the speed power of the Oceanic will be tremendous, the ship will be built for the purpose of affording accommodations to passengers superior to any that now exist. The Lucania and the Campania are supposed to be the ideal floating palaces, but the Oceanic's state rooms will give that one improvement for which transatlantic travelers have in vain sighed—plenty of room. The additional space which the greatly increased size of the vessel will afford is not to be utilized toward increasing the number of state rooms as much as toward making the state rooms larger. It will also be possible for a traveler to secure a room to himself. In fact, the Oceanic will be arranged as greatly as possible upon the basis principle of a great modern hotel; not the floating hotel that so many lines advertise, but the bona fide article.

In very many respects the Oceanic will merely be an enlarged counterpart of the Teutonic and Majestic, two

steamer Northwest, which travels the Great Lakes in the United States, the dimensions which I have read of her—depth, length and beam—show that she is hardly half as long as the Oceanic will be, and of depth and beam proportionate thereto. She will be more than a third larger than the steamships which ply between San Francisco and Japanese and Australian ports. She will possess but two smokestacks, it is true, but either of these are of sufficient size to permit of an opening being made through them large enough to admit of the passage of a double team from a farm wagon.

Her promenade deck is three blocks long. There is almost sufficient space to play a game of base ball, and certainly hand ball could be played without difficulty. It is among the plans of the builders of the boat to so arrange a portion of the deck that golf can be played thereon. Twenty-one lifeboats, each capable of carrying forty-five persons, will be secured to davits on each side of her upper works. The captain, or whatever officer may be upon the bridge, will have a promenade of an eighth of a mile, when he wishes the exercise. There will be as much room in the main saloon as in an ordinary theater. Regarding her fittings, a representative of the White Star line, to which she will belong, told me the other day that in point of elegance they would far exceed anything now afloat. The arrangements for the comfort of the passengers in rough weather will be such that it will require a very heavy sea indeed to make one uncomfortable. It has been a common source of complaint among transatlantic passengers that the furniture of a steamship was built on the land principle—that is, as if the traveler was never going to receive any shocks or be likely to be thrown about. It is the intention to remedy this difficulty in fitting up the Oceanic, so that there will be no hard corners for a passenger to be thrown against, something that would be very greatly appreciated.

CATCHING PRESIDENT'S EYE.

An Optician Who Has Fitted Chief Executives with Glasses.

There is none of the instruments of government of the United States, yet private enterprise has gone far to establish such an office, says Leslie's

SHE MARRIED A VAGRANT.

An Old Crone Persuaded Her but Her Parents Took Her Away.

A pretty member of one of the best families in Orangeburg, S. C., has married a vagrant just out of the almshouse and gives as a reason for her conduct that the man's mother, a fortune teller, persuaded her that death would soon claim her if she did not marry the son of the old crone, says the Atlanta Constitution. Eva Eastelin was the name of the unfortunate girl, Jim Courtney being her husband. The couple went to the residence of Justice Brinson and asked to be married. Courtney representing Miss Eastelin as a factory hand from an adjacent cotton mill. They were married and proceeded to the shabby room where Courtney had been living. But the honeymoon of the ill matched pair was of short duration. The parents of the girl, hearing that their daughter had been seen with Courtney, quickly ascertained the truth and, giving chase, found their daughter and took her home. When Courtney appeared on the streets he was met by ugly looks from citizens, so he left town afoot. It was thought the young woman had lost her mind and her explanation of the reasons and fears which influenced her marriage indicate that her reason was impaired. An effort will probably be made to get the legislature to annul the marriage, but there is no precedent, and it is unlikely that it will be done now.

SPEECH SUDDENLY RESTORED

Child Mute for Two Years Stammers People by a Song.

The medical department of the Arkansas Deaf Mute institute is deeply puzzled over a case which occurred at that place last week, says a special to the St. Louis Globe-Democrat. Two years ago Jennie Childress, aged 8 years, whose parents reside in Izard county, had a severe attack of the measles, which seems to have paralyzed the vocal organs, rendering speech impossible, although her power of hearing was not in the least affected. Last October she was sent to the deaf mute institute. For several weeks she had been under the care of the institute physician, Dr. Gray, but he became convinced a few days ago that there was no hope for the little one and wrote

VILLAGE LOST TO VIEW

THE HOME OF CHIEF POKAGON AND HIS BAND.

Not a Trace of the Old Town Is Left—Good Indian Who Knew His Tribe in Southern Michigan—His Heart Was Broken.



ERRIEN county is the site of the last of the Pottawatomie villages in southern Michigan, says the Detroit Free Press. It was the home of old Chief Pokagon and his band and the birthplace of the present chief, Simon Pokagon, who is now engaged in writing his father's biography. There is nothing about the spot to indicate that it was ever a place of human habitation. In a valley running back from the St. Joseph river about a mile to the west, at the head of a rippling, winding little brook, surrounded by hills and on two sides by heavy oak forests, it lies, a peaceful, picturesque little nook of farm land rarely ever cultivated, seldom visited save by the farmer's boy who goes to bring home the cows grazing where the wigwags stood a half century ago, or by the relic hunter who knows its history. It is hidden from the highway and not a trace of the old town is left. How old it was no one now living can tell. The few log huts that Pokagon and his followers with their little families occupied looked to the first white settlers who saw them sixty-seven years ago, as if they were about ready to tumble down and they might have been built seventy-five or 100 years before that time. Probably an Indian village had been there around the bubbling spring that formed the source of the little brook for many generations. The numerous relics of the stone and copper variety found in the vicinity would indicate this.

Pokagon was a pious Indian. On one of the hills overlooking the village was a log chapel where he and his people worshiped according to the rites of the Catholic church, taught them by their fathers. How long the chapel had been built is not known, but it may have been one of the missions established more than 200 years ago by Father Claude Allouez, the pioneer missionary of the region, whose ashes are reposing somewhere along the St. Joseph river, the exact spot of his burial place not being known. In 1759 the English drove the French from this region and took possession of the territory, dissolving all these missions. They were not re-established for nearly 100 years afterward, and during that period, although the Indians were deprived of the care and instruction of the priests, they did not forget the forms of the church.

In the latter part of the '20s Pokagon made a pilgrimage to Detroit to implore the church authorities to send a "black robe," the Indian name for priest, among his people. His speech to the vicar-general of the bishop of Cincinnati, Father Gabriel Richard, on this occasion, is on record. It was an earnest and effective plea. "I implore you," he said, "to send us a black robe to teach us the word of God. If you have no care for our old men, at least have pity on our poor children, who are growing up in ignorance and vice.

"We still preserve the manner of prayer as taught our ancestors by the black robe who formerly resided at St. Joseph. Morning and evening with my wife and children we pray together before the crucifix. Sunday we pray together oftener. On Friday we fast all evening, men, women and children, according to the traditions handed down to us by our fathers and mothers, for we have never seen a black robe. Listen to the prayers which he taught to them and see if I have not learned them correctly." Then the old chief fell on his knees, made the signs and repeated the prayers of the church, the creed and the ten commandments in the Pottawatomie tongue.

The result of the plea was the sending of Father Stephen Theodore Badin, the first Catholic priest ordained in the United States, who came to Indiana in 1829 and for several years had charge of all the missions in southern Michigan and northern Indiana. He established a mission two miles north of South Bend that eventually developed into the great Notre Dame university of today. He was the religious instructor of Pokagon's band as long as they stayed at the old village and there are a number of old residents of the vicinity that heard Father Badin preach in the little log church on the hill. The church itself has long since been taken away, but the foundation remains. Down the valley on the bank of the river was the burying place of Pokagon town and the old cedar cross with its horizontal arm gone is still standing. It was there when the first white settlers came into the region.

Pokagon is represented by some historical writers as the leader of a band of Pottawatomies in a battle with the Shawnees in the days before the whites at Three Rivers, but this can be classed as fiction, as Pokagon was wholly averse to fighting, and his whole aim was to keep his people from war. Again, he is said to have been at the massacre of Fort Dearborn in 1812 in the capacity of peacemaker and to have been the one who brought Capt. Heald and his wife away from the bloody affray at Chicago and across the lake to St. Joseph. This is not believed to be true by some of the older residents, who were acquainted with Pokagon. He never made any such claim to them, though he had been heard to

say that he used all his power to keep the Pottawatomies in that locality from taking part in the massacre, and only went to St. Joseph to dissuade Topinabee from taking his men there. Pokagon doubtless was with Topinabee and was one of those who received Capt. Heald at St. Joseph and helped him to get to Mackinac and Detroit. The most authentic records of the massacre to be had give the credit of assisting Capt. Heald and his wife to escape to John Baptiste Chandonia, a nephew of Topinabee, and who died at South Bend in 1837, and whose remains lie in the city cemetery, though in an unknown and unmarked grave. Pokagon, after the treaty of 1833, the signing of which nearly broke his heart, as it took from him the home of his childhood and old age and scattered his people broadcast over the land, remained at the old town for several years, then went over into Cass county, where, in the Silver creek district, a few miles north of Dowagiac, he established another village and built a church. He lived but a few years and his ashes repose under the church, which is located in a picturesque spot on the banks of a charming little lake.

THE LANGUAGE OF CRIME.

Some of the Terms Are Very Interesting.

Every language has a syntax peculiar to itself, but in the patois of the criminal no attempt is made of changing anything but the lexicon, says the Popular Science Monthly. It bears the same resemblance to the parent language that a pile of cogwheels does to a watch. They are not a watch, but neither are they a new machine. Thus we must regard the argot only as a dialect in which debased terms replace the words of the parent tongue, in which the innate laziness of the criminal has effaced all words of any length and has simplified the pronunciation wherever the correct form requires anything but an elementary combination of sounds.

Let us examine some of these transformations and synonyms.

The general tendency of the criminal to denote the substantive by one of its attributes, is shown very clearly in his synecdochical phraseology. Thus a purse is a leather; a street car is a short, comparing its length with a railroad car; a handkerchief is a wipe, and a pair of shoes a pair of kicks.

Again, some of the terms appear to be purely arbitrary and were it not that the creative power is absent in criminals as in women I should not hesitate to state it as a fact. But it seems wiser to conclude merely that the origin of these terms has become a fact. To suppose that they were created would be in too distinct contradiction to all obtainable evidence, indirect though it may be. Such expressions are to kip, meaning to sleep; to spiel, to make a speech; jerve, a waistcoat pocket; thimble, a watch; to do a lam, meaning to run.

Some of the expressions are very descriptive. To run from a police officer is to do a hot foot. A person who is always listening to other people's conversation is called a rubberneck. The word push, meaning a crowd, is occasionally seen in the newspapers. To be arrested is to be pinched; to be convicted is to fall. To refuse a person's appeal is to give him the marble heart. Such expressions require no explanation.

A Brave Kangaroo.

A very pathetic story comes from Australia describing a kangaroo's daring for the sake of her young. The owner of a country station was sitting one evening on the balcony outside his house when he was surprised to notice a kangaroo lingering about, alternately approaching and retiring from the house, as though half in doubt and fear what to do. At last she approached the water pails, and taking a young one from her pouch, held it to the water to drink. While the baby was satisfying its thirst the mother was quivering all over with excitement, for she was only a few feet from the balcony on which one of her greatest foes was sitting watching her. The little one, having finished drinking, it was replaced in the pouch and the old kangaroo started off at a rapid pace. When the natural timidity of the kangaroo is taken into account, it will be recognized what astonishing bravery this affectionate mother displayed.

A Bad Name.

"A Swindle" is the name that appears over the office door of a struggling lawyer in the city of Stratford, Ontario. A friend of the unfortunate gentleman suggested the advisability of his writing out his name in full, thinking that Arthur or Andrew Swindle, as the case might be, would sound better and look better than the significant "A. Swindle." When the lawyer, with tears in his eyes, whispered to him that his name was Adam, the friend understood and was silent.

The Crucial Test.

He—Why shouldn't we be happy together? Our tastes are similar, our friends the same and—and we ride the same make of wheel, too. She—Yes, but what make of saddle do you use?—Judge.

In Musical Germany.

Opera singer (to the railroad porter)—I'd like to give you a dime, but I'm sorry to say I haven't any change with me. Porter—Oh, just sing me quick 10 cents' worth!—Flegende Blaetter.

Speculation.

In the beginning great wealth was accumulated by thrift, industry, and enterprise. In these days the popular method of getting rich is by speculation.—Rev. Charles H. Eaton.

SUGGESTIONS FOR MODERN STABLE.

(Copyrighted, 1897, by Co-operative Building Plan Association.)

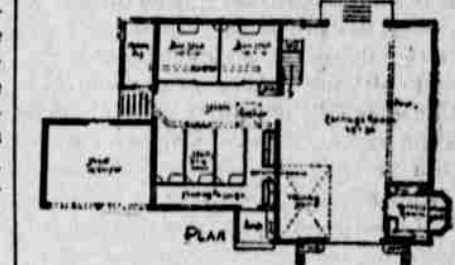
The great vogue of the bicycle, the extension of trolley railroads, and the introduction of the auto-Mobile cabs, have called out many dismal predictions from the horseman. The public has been told times without number that the reign of the horse is forever over. In illustration of this statement the unprecedentedly low prices at which horses have lately been sold are quoted, and there comes grousing stories from the wild and woolly west of the shooting of entire herds of horses on the ranges, in order to save the pasture for the more valuable beef creatures. As a supplement to these tales, it is over said that canning factories have been established, where horseflesh is put up in potted form for unsuspecting foreigners. The paragraphs and cartoonists have had their fling at the subject, and if one should take the signs of the times, everything would seem to point to the virtual extinction of the equine species in the not remote future. But those who love man's best friend and servant among the dumb beasts, and who do not care to surrender him for steeds of steel or naphtha fed cabs, need not be unduly alarmed. In fact, horse flesh would seem to be an excellent investment at this very moment. With the fall in prices that was due to a variety of seasons, horse breeding has been given adequate re-



CO-OPERATIVE BUILDING PLAN ASSOCIATION ARCHITECTS, N.Y.

turns for the past few years, and more brood mares have come upon the market than ever before in an equal space of time. Comparatively few foals have been born, and prices are bound to rise before long. Aside from all questions of value, few people who live in suburban places care to be without horses, and the question of housing them suitably has to be met by a large proportion of builders. The carriage house and stable must be influenced more or less by the nature of the ground and the relative position of the house to which it belongs. The general rule, of course, is that it should be inconspicuous, or if it is where it must be seen, it should not suffer in comparison with the finished villa. At the same time its subordinate character must be born in mind so that it may not detract from the dignity of the dwelling, even if the general style of the house is followed in the matter of architecture.

The ornamentation must be far less profuse and ornate. Extreme simplicity combined with strong and artistic lines always give the best results. The accompanying plans show a stable that would grace any suburban place, and



yet it is not very expensive, or pretentious. The general plan is capable of many modifications. As originally drawn it provides for all of the lowest improvements, single and box stalls, carriage room and washing stand, harness room and water closet, all on the first floor. On the second floor provision is made for the hay loft and the quarters of the coachman. The foundation is of stone, the exterior rough clapboards and shingles upon which if we used red and green stain the effect is admirable.

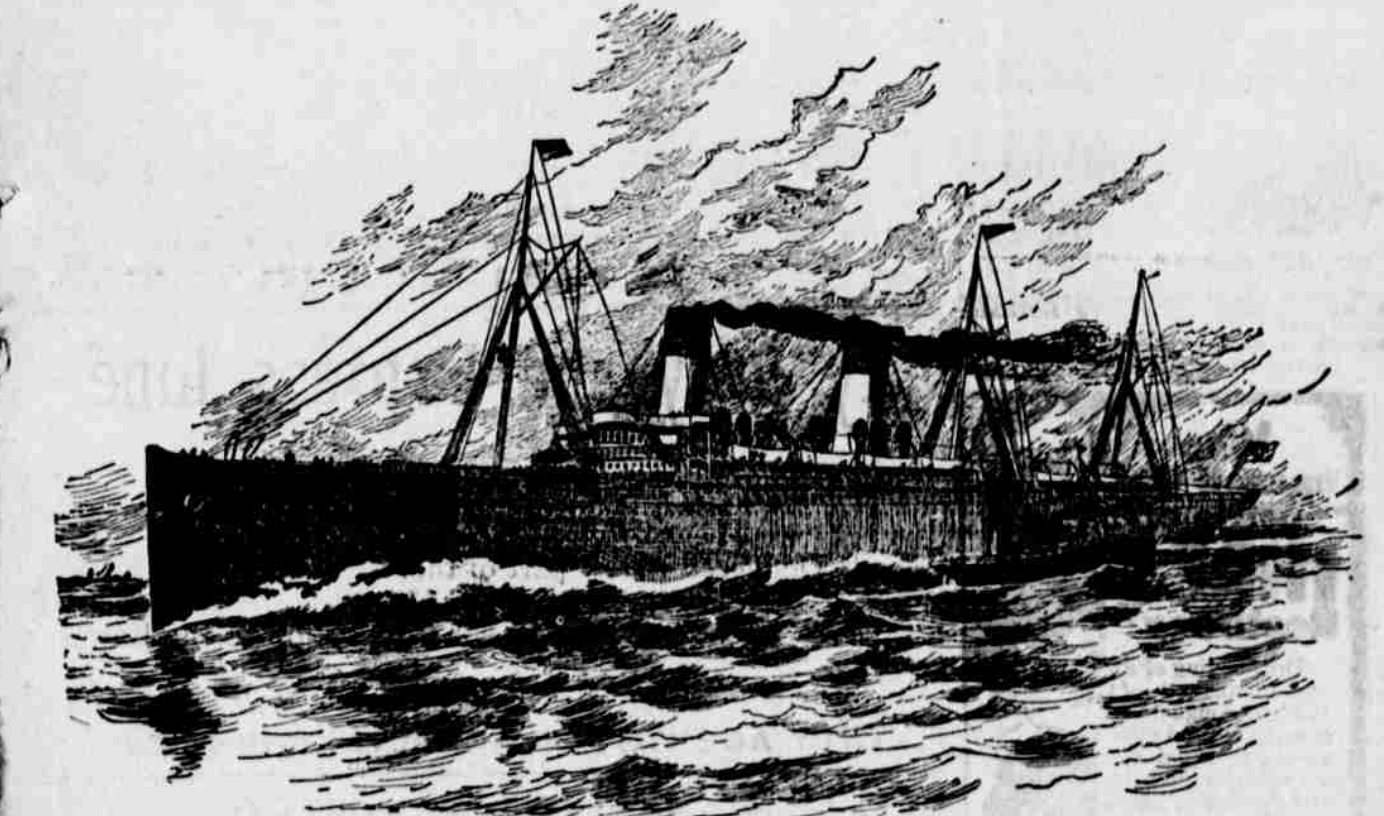
THE DEAF GIRL UNDERSTOOD

Young Man's Tender Remark to His True Love.

It doesn't always pay to express your inmost thought even guardedly in the presence of deaf mutes, says the Boston Record. A story was told at the meeting of the Woman Suffrage Association yesterday afternoon which showed conclusively the wisdom of the above remark. A devoted couple who, apparently, had been long separated were thrust suddenly into each other's company at a largely attended reception. The lady who told the story said that she was present in company with an educated deaf girl. The happy reunited pair displayed fully the thoughts that were in their hearts by the beam upon their countenances. Suddenly the young man drew near to the one whom he adored and said in a low tone, inaudible to those about him, a few seemingly affectionate words. The deaf girl watched the proceedings with intense interest and suddenly broke into a broad grin. Her companion inquired what it was that amused her. She turned about so that the couple could not see her and replied: "That man said, 'if all these people were not here I'd kiss you. If they don't get out of the way pretty soon I shall have to before them.' The girl replied: 'Then I shall scream.'" The deaf girl understood the words by the motion of their lips.

Opportunities

There is in the minds and hearts of many people a profound conviction that a new era of aggressive work is about to be ushered in; that a new day is already breaking—a day of most glorious opportunity.—Rev. John W. Lylel.



THE "OCEANIC," LARGEST OCEAN-GOING VESSEL EVER BUILT.

of the most popular passenger steamships that ply between New York and European ports. There are no startling innovations from a structural standpoint, and no effort will be made to place her at the front of the fleet that are known as ocean greyhounds. Nevertheless, her engine capacity will be sufficient, it is believed, to take her across the Atlantic in four days. The present time record is a little more than five days and four hours. The total combined horse power of the Oceanic will be 45,000. That of the Lucania and Campania is 18,000. She will have three sets of triple expansion engines, the capacity of each of which will be 15,000 horse power. She will also have three screws, one more than the usual equipment. Therefore, although a much higher sea speed than that not contemplated is quite practicable from an engineering point of view, it has been determined as far as possible to aim at a regular Wednesday morning arrival, both in New York and in Liverpool, making the Irish Channel and Queenstown by daylight, and enabling passengers who may be traveling to places beyond the port of arrival to proceed to, and in the majority of cases reach, their destination with comfort during the day. At the same time the vessel is to be so constructed that the motion of even the winter seas will not be felt with anything like the severity that ordinarily afflicts those who travel in winter by steamship. It is expected that the service of the Oceanic will be continuous, regardless of seasons.

To read of the dimensions of the Oceanic hardly gives an adequate idea of her tremendous size. Her model shows that she will be beautifully proportioned, and so, like a very large man of fine physique, she will not look her size unless some object be placed beside her enabling comparisons. For instance, the Ethiopia, of the Anchor line of steamships, that plies between Glasgow and New York, could be almost placed between decks aboard the Oceanic. While I have never seen the

Weekly. When the usual introduction has been accomplished the optician astonishes the president by the remark:

"Look me straight in the eyes." His business being known beforehand, the optician is not summarily ejected as a crank, though he sometimes astonishes the man he addresses, as he did Garfield, who playfully remarked: "Confound you, don't you think I can look any man in the face?" Then the optician investigates the eyes of the nation's chief executive. He puts them through all sorts of tests, measures them, and fits them with glasses.

An optician of New York and Pittsburg, Pa., who does all these things, is known among scientists as the inventor of various devices for overcoming astigmatism, or a tendency to see things longer or broader than they really ought to be. His theoretical studies in Europe equipped him to qualify as an oculist, but one can not claim the titles of oculist and optician both at once without acquiring a third and less desirable one, spelled quack, so he merely calls himself optician, and combines with the mechanical knowledge of that calling the scientific information of the other. After fitting President Hayes, Mrs. Hayes, President Garfield, President Cleveland and President Harrison and his first wife with glasses, the optician feels that he knows the inside of the white house fairly well.

Shot With His Own Pistol at Prayer.

While praying in church at Tirzah, York county, S. C., Jonah Crosby, colored, found a big pistol in his hip pocket uncomfortable. In removing it the weapon was discharged, wounding him seriously and causing a stampede of the congregation.

The Brute.

Young Mother (on train)—O, dear, I don't know what to do with you, baby! Kind Bachelor—Shall I open the window for you, Madam?—New York Journal.

to Mrs. Childress that he could give no encouragement whatever in Jennie's case. Her power of vocalization seemed to be utterly gone beyond recall. One day Jennie was with a class of girls, some of whom can speak slightly. They were singing the familiar church hymn, "At the Cross," when all were astounded at Jennie, who broke into the chorus with a clear, perfect tone, the first words she had uttered for over two years. Later she pronounced her teacher's name, and remarked "Mamma will be so happy." Superintendent Yates immediately telegraphed the good news to her father.

A Buzzard With a Bell.

Georgetown (Ohio) correspondence of the Cincinnati Enquirer: With the approach of spring comes the old and widely known buzzard, which has for a few seasons past been given up for dead. The bird is known to hundreds of people all over the southern part of Ohio, and when it is known that this long-lost freak has been seen with a party of its companions flying slowly up the Straight Creek valley, ringing the same sheep bell that was fastened to its neck years ago in Ross county there will be a very general lookout kept for its appearance everywhere. The bird is now known to be very old, and its flight now is in the direction of its old haunts in Ross county.

Answered Matrimonial Ad.

J. J. Ballenberg of Dallas county, Mo., and Miss Pearl E. Wagner, the age of the couple being seventy-six and twenty-four years respectively, were recently married at Davis, Ind. Ballenberg advertised for a wife. Miss Wagner proved the favored claimant for his affections and a courtship lasting just one week had its sequel in marriage of the couple.

Glowworms and Storms.

Glowworms are much more brilliant when a storm is coming than at other seasons. Like many other mysteries of nature, this curious circumstance has never been explained.